

Children's Department.

WHO'S AFRAID IN THE DARK?

"O, not I," said the owl,
And he gave a great scowl,
And he wiped his eye
And fluffed his jowl. "Tu whoo!"
Said the dog: "I bark
Out loud in the dark, Boo-oo!"
Said the cat: "Mi-iew!"
I'll scratch anyone who
Dare say that I do
Feel afraid. Mi-iew!"
"Afraid," said the mouse,
"Of the dark in a house?"
Hear me scatter
Whatever's the matter.
Squeak!"

Then the toad in his hole,
And the bug in the ground,
They both shook their heads
And passed the word round.
And the bird in the tree,
The fish, and the bee,
They declared all three
That you never did see
One of them afraid
In the dark!
But the little boy who had gone to bed
Just raised the bedclothes and covered his head.
—St Nicholas.

From North Liberty, O.

This is my third attempt to write for the children's column. I go to Sunday-school. I have not missed one Sunday this year. My teacher's name is Mrs. Winel and I like her very well. My papa and mama and two brothers belong to the Brethren Church. Brother Grisso is our pastor. We like him very well. I will ask a question: Who dropped dead for touching the ark?
DAVIE GRUBB.

From Minburn, Ia.

I will write again for the EVANGELIST. I love to read the children's letters. I united with the Brethren Church Sunday, Aug. 2. I am ten years old. I must close for this time.

ELSIE G. BUTERBAUGH.

From Packerton, Ind.

As I have not written for the EVANGELIST for a long time, I will now write. I am ten years old. I belong to the K. C. Society. We have moved since I wrote my last letter. I like it real well here. We attend church at Clay Pool. Our pastor's name is D. A. Hopkins. We have church every third Sunday. I will close by answering some questions I saw in the paper. Peter, James and John were the disciples who went upon the Mount with Jesus to pray. God said to them, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye him." Moses and Elias were the strangers. They spoke of the work which Jesus should accomplish at Jerusalem.

ALMA JAMISON.

BERTHA'S BIRTHDAY.

EMMA B. GNAGEY.

"I don't believe there are many children who have such lovely birthdays as we have," said Bertha Gardener, as she admired her presents. "I don't think so," answered Crawford, to whom Bertha had spoken. "What fun we'll have this winter. Everything seems to have been made for winter fun," he continued. "Oh, I don't know about that. The sled is the only thing I see," said Bertha. "How about the game. Won't we have good times on winter evenings playing?" asked Crawford. "That's so. But they are all so nice I don't care whether they are made for winter or not," said Bertha. "By the way, I'd like to know why grandpa and grandma Howard haven't sent me anything. They always did before," said Bertha. But just then they heard mamma talking to some one at the door. "I believe that's grandpa," said Crawford. Then both ran to see. "What do you think grandma sent you?" asked grandpa. "How do I know," said Bertha. "Well, look in this basket and see," he said laughingly. Bertha opened the basket and before she could speak, a kitten jumped out and looked around as much as to say, "I'm tired of that. Lying in a basket isn't very pleasant." "I believe that's the best present I got yet. How did grandma know I wanted a kitten?" said Bertha.

Then grandpa had to look at all the presents and say something about each one before he went. "Now, I think Aunt Kate's present the best because you can accomplish something with it," he said, after carefully examining each one. This set Bertha to thinking. She thought about many things and then told her mama that she wanted to have four of her little friends who were very poor for dinner. A dinner could not easily have been enjoyed more than that one was. After dinner Bertha played with them, and when they left at three o'clock each one took something nice left from dinner along home with them.

Then Bertha took the two dollars which Aunt Kate had sent her, and set out to spend it in the best way possible," as Auntie had directed. Twenty five cents were soon spent for a set of paper-dolls and these with a basket of fruit went to little Patty, who was lame. Fifty cents paid the subscription to a magazine for Willie Blye who was a cripple and had never walked. "It will help cheer him up when he is lonely. It must be awful to just sit still all day," Bertha said. Seventy-five bought a doll for Mary, the washer-woman's little girl. Thirty cents

paid for a pair of mittens for Ted, Mary's brother, who shoveled snow in the winter, and whom Bertha often pitied when she saw his blue, cold hands. "And now I have twenty cents left. What shall I spend it for?" This Bertha said when she came home. "Something will happen, that you can use it I think," said mama. Something did. For that evening when papa brought the paper home, Bertha saw in one of the first columns a plea for the children in the hospitals. "There, mama, I'll buy something and send it there. Just read that and see what it says about books. Those children like them so much. And I can get a lovely picture book for twenty cents."

When Aunt Kate answered Bertha's letter there was nothing but her best approval of Bertha's way of spending the money. "I'm much happier now than I would be if I wouldn't have been generous," said Bertha. What she said was true. Make others happy, and you'll be happier.

WHY NOT?

Three street boys were brought by the city missionary into a Sabbath-school, says the "Chicago Inter-Ocean." The teacher's custom was to learn the new scholars' names, which in this case he proceeded to do with the following result:

"What is your first name?" he asked of one.

"Lem," was the reply.

"Ah! Lemuel," corrected the teacher. "And yours, my boy?" he inquired of the next.

"Sam," yelled the boy.

"Ah! Samuel," mildly rejoined Mr. B. "And what may I call you?" he kindly asked the third.

"Ah! Jimuel," was the astonishing reply.—Selected.

JENNIE WREN'S CHILDREN.

Up three pairs of winding stairs
With leafy patterns carpeted,
There you'll find, if you are not blind,
Little brown babies in a brown bed,
Whispering together some secret deep:
"Peep, peep, peep!"

Nightcap and gown of the finest down,
Crazy quilt of sunshine and shade,
Pillows of moss and thistle floss,
Where five little drowsy heads lightly are laid,
Softly singing themselves to sleep:
"Peep, peep, peep!"

—Selected.

Dare, aged six, was telling about a "great big boy" who went to his school. "Why!" he exclaimed, finally, "I believe he is ten feet deep."